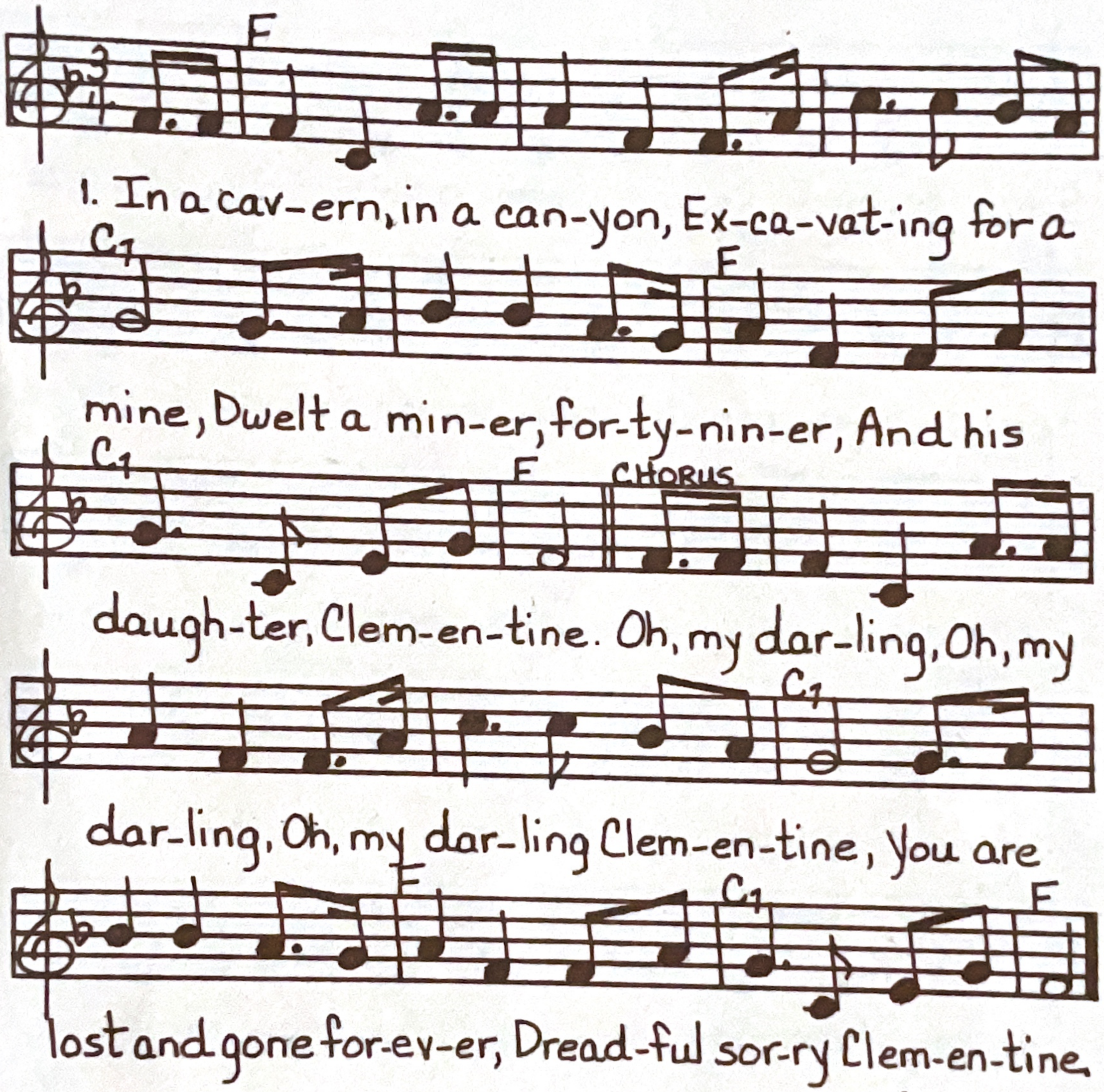
CLEMENTINE



2. Light she was and like a fairy,
   And her shoes were number nine,
   Herring boxes without topses,
   Sandals were for Clementine.
   (Chorus after each verse)
3. Drove she ducklings to the water
   Every morning just at nine,
   Hit her foot against a splinter,
   Fell into the foaming brine.
4. Ruby lips above the water
   Blowing bubbles soft and fine,
   But, alas, I was no swimmer,
   So I lost my Clementine.